

The Lehigh Journal.

Vol. II.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 3.

Select Poetry.

A Summer Mood.

I lay me in the growing grass,
A vagrant loving vagrancy,
About me kindred fellows throng,
A very reckless company.

Gay people of the crowded air,
Who follow Joy's recruiting drums;
Nor thorn, nor any thorn, they leave
To-morrow till to-morrow comes.

Who gathers all, would gather more;
Who little hath, hath need of none;
Who wins a race will long to win
Another that is never won.

I fling me in the grass, content
That not a blade belongs to me,
And take no thought of mowing days—
A vagrant wed to vagrancy.

Public Station.

BY SMITH V. WILSON.

What of the times, my kind Mentor?
is a question, which in one respect
is easily answered. What on the face
of Christendom but agitation, com-
motion and revolution! The former
history of the world is corroborated
by the present! Without an effort,
we cannot but discover that nations,
like individuals, must have unceasingly
wherewithal to exercise and even
to waste their powers. When wars
and political struggles fail to furnish
material for the American mind, the
observation of men in public life be-
comes the subject of paramount im-
portance; people begin to cast anxious
and inquiring glances at their conduct,
their representatives in all public
organizations become the objects of
scrutiny. That such is the condition
of affairs at the present time a very
slight study of the daily press will in-
form us.

Probably, since the first traces of
savage life, the great social system
in its varied forms and convention-
alities has received no element of
improvement so powerful and ener-
getic as that comprehended in the
words *Division of Labor*. The ad-
vantages of this element in the great
machinery of the world, especially
as regards its commercial enterprise
and the exercise of the industrial arts
with all their varied utilities, cannot
be told or foretold. While it fur-
nishes us with the greatest profit for
even the most frugal expenditure:
while it insures division of fortune
proportional to labor, it introduces
amongst men such wholesome classes
and conditions—it divides the busi-
ness of life into so many and varied
departments as to satisfy the peculiar
bias and power which Nature in her
mysterious judgment has imparted
to the great numbers of her human
children. This world of ours, mys-
teriously careering around the sun,
has minor orbits within itself. In
one revolve the energies, that with
the sweat of the brow bring bread
as the fruit of care; in another we
find the dazzling insignia of power
—the crown, the sceptre and all the
luxurious pomp of thrones; in a third
we find the unfading laurel of the
Muses which Horace, although he says
“*paupertas empullit andax ut versus
faciem*,” preferred to any honor that
man could bestow—and yet how
mean generally are its rewards. Let
us turn from the chilling blasts which
too often penetrate it. The farmer

looks out upon fields rich with grain
and orchards bending with graceful
branches. The ocean, its bosom
palpitating with tall ships filled with
coming merchandise, is the favored
prospect of another. The world is
all before us with its portals opened
wide and a voice from within, increas-
ing in volume as we approach, cries
out, come! work and be happy; you
are wanted and we are free agents to
decide where we shall abide, and
what we shall do. But in the adop-
tion of one of the numerous professions
and employments of life, there are be-
sides the operation of this principle,
many other influences brought to bear
upon a man's choice. There is binding
upon every man more or less the ne-
cessity of making a livelihood; this
fills the list of trades and professions.
Men soon find what sphere is best
suited to their capacities. But this
is not all. Passions predominate.
All men are governed by them to a
greater or less degree. The cold and
calculating voice of wisdom is drown-
ed in the flattering whisperings of
our sensual nature. The path of
rectitude and prudence is barred by
stubborn pride.

There are few among us who do
not seek or aspire “to climb the
steep where Fame's proud temple
shines afar,” and as the imperial
purple and dignity of office, with all
their glitter appear before us, we are
lured with their magnificence, and
the bread of an honorable sufficiency
becomes insipid to our taste—the
garments bought by the sweat of the
brow too mean for the great Ego to
wear. Probably as the grand di-
orama of professions, learned, mechan-
ical and mercantile, passes rapidly
before the mind of a young man,
none attracts his attention more or
appeals to his imagination so much
as Public Station. To be elevated
above our fellows—to occupy promi-
nent positions—to be a Senator or
Representative—the President or
Chief Engineer of a great railroad
corporation, or it may be the future
President of the United States, such
a hope seems to warrant the concen-
tration of all our powers to the at-
tainment of such an end. But we
are only then upon the threshold of
the temple of Fame. It is in the
exercise of these trusts—in the up-
holding of the rights of the common-
alty—in expounding great principles
of law and furthering the execution
of the laws that we are to reap our
full reward. Our mind is to suggest
—our voice to proclaim—our arm to
be above and over all, and we are to be-
come the “observed of all observers.”
Ah! “is it not a consummation de-
voutly to be wished?” Is it not
enough to set the blood of any young
man on fire to picture himself in the
future full of power, governing the
action of multitudes—commanding
the applause of listening senates;
perhaps the great head and ruler of
them all? It is the nature of man to
soar upward—“*in aequilae coelum versus*,”
how then can he but long for this
highest heaven of human glory? But
come; let us leave this scene of fancy
and look in upon the conditions of
life after the pomp and pageantry are
over. What do we see? It does

not require the mighty voice of a
Demosthenes or the fluent pen of a
Cicero to tell us that a “life of un-
deserved exile is sweeter” than the
vain pomp and glory which is found
so often, in all departments of life;
the “icy fang and charlsh chiding of
the winter wind” more trustworthy
than the existing flattery peculiar to
cabinet officers and office-seekers. Is
it necessary to repeat the history of
such men as Wolsey, whose last mes-
sage to Cromwell was, “I charge thee,
fling away ambition; by that sin fell
the angels! How can man then, the
image of his Maker hope to win
by ‘t? love thyself last.” Our fathers
have forewarned—we are to-day
painfully aware of the “depths and
shoals of honor.” I need only point
you to our Congress and State Legis-
latures as examples. But where
honor is the stake—where a pure
love of country is the motive of those
who enter the lists of public life,
then it were glory to serve one's
country—the greatest calling that
man can follow, if principles of truth,
virtue and integrity are his objects.
But, alas! is it patriotism that nerves
men to seek public favor? Are
public honors in this Commonwealth
of ours never given to those who
have the most supple knee of flatter-
ing tongue? Are not learning and
genius often the bars to prominent

positions? With shame we answer
in the affirmative.

Why do men elbow each other in
the pursuit of public office? What
is this Will-o'-the-Wisp which men
follow—this magic wand that is so
desired by men? It is Power!
Nations and kingdoms have been
swept into space, fearful expounders
of this word *Power*. Are we safe?
Shall America also testify her sub-
mission to its force? We boast that
the people are supreme. Not this
government or that—not any particu-
lar people or State—but the whole.
That we are governed too much is
the cry of many—that power granted
is often misused the recent events in
politics testify. Statesmen, open
your eyes to truth—look at your
offices as they really are, places in
which to do good, to be pure and
honest! Remember that office con-
fers no exclusive privilege—no par-
ticular superiority which does not
belong to the people. True, a certain
amount of authority is delegated to
you, but that is checked by being
divided into branches of sovereignty
which work upon each other for the
benefit of the people. We acknowl-
edge all honor and respect to our
rulers—but we do not concede all
power. But there is a power in your
hands which angels of glory might
stoop to enjoy—the power of doing
good, of serving your country—of
living for the good of the whole—of
raising our race—of making this
land of ours in the 19th century the
noblest in history, ancient or modern.
That we may acquire this power,
that our citizenship if pure will place
us in positions by means of which
we can obtain this end, all admit.
Let us therefore aspire to it with
honesty of purpose—with a patriotic
desire, with a keen appreciation of
our obligations and rights, then will

our government become the best—
the greatest in the world, occupying
a page in history that shall stand out
in unfading beauty the admiration
and the model of the world. Let
education in *justice* and the *truth* be
the first objects of our attainment.
Then let us translate Nature in all
her diversified workings, in the peal-
ing of the thunder, in the great voice
of rushing waters—on the dizzy peaks
of the high mountain. These colleges
will make us, and we shall make
men purer, stronger and more zealous
for their country's good.

The poet-jurist of England has
taught us that lesson in words that
often quoted never grow old.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

Not high raised battlements or labour'd
mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets
crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storms rich navies
ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume
to pride,
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endur'd
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles
rude,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare
maintain—
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain—
These constitute a State.

Joseph Priestley.

The commemorative celebration
of the one hundredth anniversary of
Priestley's discovery of oxygen, was
proposed by Dr. H. Carrington Bol-
ton, in a letter to the *American
Chemist*.

Two places were suggested at
which to hold a meeting. Hartford,
Conn., was named, as the American
Association for the advancement of
Science was to meet there in August.
But the proposition which met
with most favor came from a lady
Professor of Chemistry in the Wo-
man's Medical College of Pennsyl-
vania, Philadelphia; and was made
in the following words:

*** I made a pilgrimage last August to
the grave of Priestley, in Northumberland,
Pa., and was deeply impressed by the local-
ity, its associations, and its charming sur-
roundings; my proposition is, therefore,
that the centennial gathering be around
this grave, and that the meetings, other
than the open-air one on the cemetery
hill-top, be in the quaint little church
built by Priestley, where might be exhibi-
ted the apparatus devised by the great
scientist, and used in his memorial
experiments. I need not remind you
how convenient this locality is to the
routes of Summer tourists, and how cen-
trally located for those coming from
the West as well as for those residing near
the seashore. * * * *

Respectfully yours,
RACHEL L. BODLEY,
Professor of Chemistry.

The encouragement received from
various sources led Dr. Bolton to
bring the matter before the Chemical
Section of the New York Lyceum of
Natural History, in order to place
the project on a definite basis. At a
meeting of this body, May 11, 1874,
President J. S. Newberry, LL.D.,
in the chair, the following preamble
and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The discovery of oxygen by
Joseph Priestley, on the 1st of August, 1774,
was a momentous and significant event in
the history of chemistry, being the imme-

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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ADDRESS

"LEHIGH JOURNAL,"

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BETHLEHEM, SEPT., 1874.

SEPTEMBER—and the time for the issuing of the JOURNAL near at hand, with no editorial yet written. A lack of ideas, the well worn excuse of "indisposition" (to work,) will not serve us, and the inevitable something must be thrown off from our pen, whether readable or no. It is easy to write—very. Owing to this fact we have diligently employed ourselves during the last three weeks in soliciting articles from others. Unfortunately they have all regarded the matter in the same light and respectfully declined. They were unwilling no doubt to deprive us of the honor of filling our own columns, recognizing of course our selfishness in allowing them an opportunity to distinguish themselves, but refusing with great unanimity to profit thereby.

Never before have we been so impressed with the consideration which the many feel in the welfare and interests of the one. We ought to be thankful. We fear however that we are not.

At the opening of a new term and a new year it may not be at all remiss or useless to take a retrospective glance and see what has and has not been accomplished during the previous year. Little schemes have been undoubtedly set on foot, which have in many cases come to naught, pretty undertakings have for the time occupied the attention, to be crowned perhaps with victory; but these, failures and successes alike, are lost sight of in the consideration of the main issues. What were the main issues last year? It is hardly necessary to ask that question. The students of our Institution are not such notorious "seekers after new things" as to make them forgetful of their undertakings after a few weeks have gone by. To their steadiness may be attributed in part the success of the main issue—educational.

The final examinations evidenced a high degree of proficiency, and through the marked improvement in the work of the students over that of former years, the grade of the University has been advanced.

Outside of the regular curriculum, the students have during the past year paid a greater attention to "muscle" than heretofore, not however in the slightest degree forgetting the claims of the "mind."

In regard to "muscle," and despite the unity of the under-graduates on that subject, a failure has to be recorded. That the students were willing to do their share was manifest. That those who proposed to give the students superior advantages for physical culture have failed in their purpose is likewise manifest. Why? is a question that waits solution. The efforts of the Engineering

and Chemical Societies to benefit the mind have been highly appreciated. Their courses of lectures, in which instruction was made interesting, have been productive of great good. Their work has been beneficial, and if an increased interest in science is alone the result, may be considered as successful.

We trust that during the present year they will not fail to follow in the steps of last.

On the whole the last year has been one of progress and so far as educational advancement—which is the main issue—is concerned, has been a success.

Choice Poetical Selections.

We are in receipt of the following communication.

Editor JOURNAL:

Respected Sir: My prospects for a more distinguished station than I have yet occupied are brightening, and I trust that I may yet bask in the genial warmth of the applause of an admiring world. Upon trial, however, I find that my own ideas will not bear expression, and I have therefore turned my attention to "editing" a volume of choice selections. I forward you the 1st chapter. It will probably influence your circulation. Understanding the difficulties under which you labor, I will demand no pecuniary compensation but will present it to you gratuitously, that is to say for nothing, free. If you desire to negotiate for the remainder, I will waive all formalities and give you the preference.

Yours,

We have looked at the poetry, and have no doubt but that it will influence our circulation. Which way we decline to say. His consideration for our difficulties is touching—very. Nevertheless we answered his letter and we flatter ourselves that it was done in no ambiguous style. This is our answer:

Dear Sir: We desire to negotiate for the 1st chapter or not at all. You pay us — per line and we publish.

Yours,

Which he did. Whereupon in the interests of the JOURNAL we also inserted both letters, charging accordingly. Without further comment we will present the "poetry" to our readers.

CHOICE POETICAL SELECTIONS.

Offered on the ground that
"Mau wants but little here below."
Dedicated to a
"Gullible Public."

PREFACE.

In order that I might not interfere with the "copyright law" and thus lead to some unpleasantness (for myself) I have in my selections confined myself to the verses of anonymous writers. I at first proposed to divide this work into chapters containing "verses sentimental" only, and others which should contain verses on various subjects, but the "and others" bore such a small proportion to my "sentimental selections" that I determined to make an admirable commingling. This work will be particularly valuable from the notes and remarks which accompany it.

CHAP. I.

"They have been at a great feast," etc.
We open our work with the following as it is somewhat unintelligible, and will therefore at the very start commend us to the public, seeing that they are apt to admire what they do not understand:

TO A HEAVENLY BODY.

Effulges bright thy lustre crystalline

Upon the alabaster brow of mine,
Submerged in ebon night;
Unnumbered lasting moons echo down
My name, dim-haunted by the ideal frown
That hovers o'er the bard's entranced sight

It needs no further comment.
As a contrast to the last we would call attention to the simple truth and naturalness of this:

Adown the hill the pigeons strode,
Their hearts were ill at ease;
The fragile elephants sung low—
Among the lilac trees.

This verse was evidently meant by its author to impart knowledge. We had no idea hitherto that elephants sang low.

As it is customary for many writers to intersperse their works with quotations from other languages, evidently for the purpose of airing their attainments, we propose to attempt it also, and therefore present the following, trusting to chance that it may come in right:

Homaeopropheron, old Polysyndeton
Zuegma and Litotes, too;
Epanorthosis, Epanadiplosis,
With the rule for the Supine in u.
With the rule for the Supine in n, u, u,
With the rule for the Supine in u.

From the next (which we have only admitted after serious reflection owing the second word in the second line) we are justified in coming to the conclusion that its author is possessed of an impatient disposition. He ought, he really ought, however, to curb it:

My pencil, my pencil,
Thou devilish utensil,
Too short! 'twas once too long,
No'er right, 'tis always wrong.

So far the sentimental has not appeared, but this we think will amply compensate:

Let my foud arms enfold thee,
With rapture to my bosom;
My eyes with joy behold thee,
My love, my pretty blossom;
My love of love sincerest
From thee I ne'er will sever,
False to thee? never, dearest,
I must love thee ever.

The fifth line is particularly expressive.

The next we give only on condition that no one acts on the hint:

"Two black horses side by side,
Two plank horse-sleighs, red and blue,
All the 'Sem' girls out for a ride,
Sitting up cross-wise, two by two."

We conclude with an apostrophe to night:

Imperial Night! goddess transcendent,
Gloriously gleaming, radiantly resplendent,
With crystalline elusters, tremulously pendant,
Hail!

The Mouse and the Deacon.

A Mouse, (it is true,) by a young Deacon's shoe
Once wander'd, and peep'd o'er the heel:
He wanted a lodging,
And after much dodging,
He thought this his last would conceal.

Then in he did go,
And he crept towards the toe,
To learn more precisely its form;
And he found it all right;
And remarkably tight,
And besides, most delectably warm.

Then he lay down to rest,
And he deem'd himself blest,
Such a spacious apartment to find;
So quiet and snug
That he did himself hug
As the luckiest mouse of his kind.

The night it proved dark,
And there was but a spark
From the grate to illumine the room;
But our fortunate mouse,
In his water-tight house,
Was annoyed not at all by the gloom.

The Deacon was snoring,
All danger ignoring,
When Mousy began to feel badly;
For, of supper, he'd none,
And what was to be done,
He desir'd to find out very sadly.

All quiet the house,
When this sly, hungry mouse
Crept abroad to procure a night's meal;
Not particular was he
Just of what it might be,
Whether mutton, lamb, beef, pork or veal.

He hunted around
All upon the bare ground,
And then he snif'd under the table;
But no scrap of good meat,
Nor of night flit to eat,
There to find, did he find himself able.

As well might he look
In a cookery book
For good plous discourses and pray'rs;
Or go seek in a stable
For anchor and cable,
Among the old horses and mares.
So he stole back to bed,
And he laid down his head,
With a feeling approaching to sorrow;
But of hope he had some,
That at least a good crumb
Would turn up for his breakfast to-morrow.

O unsapient mouse!
In such a gaunt house
To expect either breakfast or dinner!
Stay there, if you will,
But you'll ne'er get your fill;
You will only get thinner and blinner

Now, just before dawn,
A long sigh and a yawn
Betoken'd the Deacon was moving;
And what follow'd after
(No subject for laughter.)
I see no just ground for reprov'g.

For soon he arose,
And he put on his clothes,
And, when he'd perform'd his devotions,
The thing he did next
Was to choose out a text
To expound theological notions.

Without uttering a word,
His fire he then stirr'd,
After which to a closet he went;
And our mouse was right glad,
Hoping stuff to be had,
His stomach, so void, to content.

But, instead of just that,
He uplited his hat,
And he brush'd it with tenderest care;
Then he put on his coat,
(A close fit round the throat,)
And he set in good order his hair.

That the morning was wet
You full safely might bet,
For the Deacon next wanted his shoes,
Not to save from a flood,
But to keep off the mud,
And a genial warmth to diffuse.

But our mouse nothing knew,
Of the use of a shoe,
For his own feet were always quite bare;
True, he seldom went out,
Never travel'd about,
Provided he had but good fare.

So, fearing no ill,
He kept perfectly still,
To watch for the next operation;
When (O! sad to relate)
Our poor mouse's hard fate!
He was brought into great tribulation.

For, or ever the mouse
Could get out of his house,
One foot was thrust into it,—slap!
And, not heeding his groans,
It soon threaten'd his bones
And his flesh to squeeze all into pap.

"Oh alas! Oh! woe me!
"I'm a gone mouse, I see,"
In his agony now he exclaimed;
"Oh! how madly self-will'd
"To come here to be kill'd;
"Or, if not, to be dreadfully maimed

"In the hole where I dwell
"Not a danger was felt,
"Nor much comfort, 'tis certainly true;
"But my ribs! they must crack,
"With such jam and tight pack,
"In this terrible trap of a shoe."

Now the Deacon was slender,
Remarkably tender,
As well in his toes as his heart;
For good qualities run,
If but fairly begun,
From the source into every part.

So he felt the obstruction,
And made a deduction:
"Some obstacle is in the way,"
(Thus he thought) "let me see
"Of what kind it may be."
(Though still, not a word did he say.)

Then he drew back his boot
By the aid of his foot,
Intending the shoe to explore;
When the mouse, now set free,
Thought it prudent to flee,
And right rapidly made for the door.

Without waiting for pray'rs
He ran down the stairs;
(Apprehension had made him so fleet;) O'er the threshold he hopp'd,
And he never once stopp'd
Till he found himself out in the street.

And one lesson he'd learnt;
(Like a child who's been burnt
Learns to dread even the sight of the fire;) That the mouse who would thrive
Must by some means contrive
Of snug lodgings to stint his desire.

MORAL.

Young men, too, beware
How you bring yourselves care,
By engaging an elegant house;
Some wisdom you'll learn,
(Like the child who did burn,)
By digesting the "tail of this mouse."

"Q'y "tale?"

There was to have been a meeting of the Board of Trustees on the 15th of last month, as a committee in charge of various important matters were to have reported that day.

It happened however that several members were at that time on a tour in the West and in consequence the Trustees did not assemble. It is supposed that this committee were to have reported in regard to the filling up of the chairs of the Executive and Professor of Mathematics.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

date forerunner of Lavoisier's generalizations, on which are based the principles of modern chemical science; and

WHEREAS, a public recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of this brilliant discovery is both proper and eminently desirable; and

WHEREAS, a social re-union of American chemists, for mutual exchange of ideas and observations, would promote good fellowship in the brotherhood of chemists; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chair, whose duty it shall be to correspond with the chemists of the country, with a view to securing the observance of a centennial anniversary of chemistry during the year 1874.

This committee was appointed, and through their efforts it was decided that the "Centennial of Chemistry" be held at the grave of Priestley. Many distinguished persons were present, and the occasion was one which will long be remembered. Prof. Henry of Washington was to have spoken, but owing to his absence, Dr. Coppee was requested to fill the vacancy and deliver the address at Priestley's grave. Mrs. H.D. Clark of Northumberland presented as a tribute this brief poem, entitled "Lanrel":

"Weave him a deathless crown of *immortelle*
Who triumphed over bigots of his day,
And of all days. Let diapasons swell,
To drown the far, faint echoes of that clamorous hell
Where sack and flame and fury had their way."

"Kneel reverent by his grave, in this new land,
Which never yet has failed to welcome those
Who grope, in exile, for a friendly hand.
In her rich annals let the golden legend stand—
How Priestley found a haven for his foes."

Personal.

[We desire to make our "Personal" column as interesting as possible, and in order to accomplish our purpose, would respectfully request the students to keep us advised as to their movements.]

—Mr. Kent of "74" was in Bethlehem during the middle of August, and was stopping at the Eagle Hotel.

—Mr. Joseph H. Kuhns, formerly of "76" is assistant cashier of the Greensburg, Pa. National Bank.

—Mr. Herbert Stearns of "74," visited Bethlehem on Saturday, Aug. 29th. He is at present at his home in New Jersey.

—Prof. Kimball who was last Spring appointed to the chair of Geology, has arrived and will enter upon his duties in a short time.

—Mr. Bailly has been appointed, and has accepted the position of Instructor in Chemistry, vice Mr. Romyn Hitchcock resigned.

—W. Ronaldson, M. D., a graduate of Lehigh, class of "70," was last Spring appointed resident physician at the Philadelphia Alms House.

—Mr. W. G. McMillan of "75" has accepted the position of Mining Engineer under Eckley B. Cox, at Drifton, Pa., and will not return to Lehigh until the Fall of 1875.

—Mr. A. P. Hamar of "77," and Mr. James of "78," will enter Cornell this year. Mr. Forsythe of the second class does not propose returning.

—Mr. J. L. Jones of "77" paid Bethlehem a flying visit on the 30th of August. He thought of visiting Cape May before the opening of the Fall term.

—Mr. J. G. Guimaraes took up his abode in Sancon Hall during the month of August. We understand that all the Brazilians now in town will also room there this term.

—Mr. Smith V. Wilson of "74" intends to take up the study of the law in September, under the Hon. W. A. Wallace. He has remained in Clearfield, Pa., this vacation.

—Mr. Will. Smylie has been one of the very few students who have remained within sight of the University during the Summer. He is ready for the opening of the term and the students' return.

—Mr. C. Jacobson of "77" was absent from Bethlehem on a seven weeks' tour, spending a portion of his time in Philadelphia, Maryland and Odessa, Del., where he was the guest of Mr. H.M. Appleman of "78."

—We desire to tender our thanks to Mr. C. O. Ziegenfuss of the *Morning Progress* for his kindness in allowing us to place his paper on our exchange list. Also for the occasional friendly notice of the JOURNAL.

—Mr. A. E. Meaker of "75" was engaged on the Engineer Corps of the Penn'a & N. Y. C. R. R. Co. from June 29. His address during the Summer was "Ward House," Towanda, Pa. He visited Bethlehem frequently during the Summer.

Mr. C. E. Ronaldson, of the class of "69" is stopping with Mr. Will Smylie of "76." For the last five years he has been employed on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Delano, as Mechanical Engineer. He has recently resigned and is taking a vacation preparatory to resuming work elsewhere.

—Mr. T. Frederiek of "76" has spent the vacation at his home in Catsanqua, engaged, according to his account, in "mathematical research." We have heard from him a number of times and understand that his time does not hang heavy on his hands.

—We had the pleasure of spending an afternoon in Stroudsburg with W. Marshall Rees of "74" about the 14th of last month. We found him hard at work on some plans for a "reservoir." He has not obtained permanent employment as yet, but is confident of a position ere long, as several parties are desirous of procuring his services.

—Mr. I. S. K. Reeves, formerly of "76," was in Bethlehem on Monday, Aug. 10th. We were pleased to see him and regret that he will not locate here as he had one time intended. Mr. Reeves was to have been connected with Mr. Church in his proposed "machine shops." He reports that base ball is in a flourishing condition in New Castle, and that "Jim" is interested therein.

—Mr. E. B. Rogers of "77" left for his home in San Francisco on the 12th of last month, stopping at Harrisburg to visit Mr. Sam. Bigler. Mr. Rogers, since the close of the term, has been at "Bostlehurst," a short distance from New Castle, Del. He is an energetic, whole-souled man and his departure from the University is to be regretted.

College Items.

Harvard says that "enquire" is correct, and Yale says that it is "inquire."

Yale's Faculty numbers 74; Cornell's 39; Dickinson's 7; Wittenburg's 7; Lafayette's 27; Dartmouth's 34; Trinity's 16; Princeton's 16.

The University of Michigan has 1112 students; Ohio Wesleyan University 374; Cornell University 461; Syracuse University 177; Chicago University 422; Boston University 501; Williams 136; Amherst 304.

The older American Colleges were founded in the order of time as follows: Harvard, 1636, (sixteen years after the "Landing") William and Mary, Va., 1692; Yale, 1699; Princeton, 1746; Kings, N. Y., (now Columbia) 1754; University of Penn., 1755; Brown, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770; all in the last century and century before.

On Our Table.

"The Seminary Budget," published four times a year, by the young ladies of Sacramento Seminary, is before us. May we hope for pardon if we call it "nice?"

The "Acta Columbiana" is before us, and we find it replete with interesting and instructive articles. The "Pygmies of Antiquity," the leading prose article, well repaying perusal.

The "College News Letter," Grinnell, Iowa, has been talking of altering its form, and asserts that there is *cash in the treasury* to support such a change. Happy paper! The "Political Duty of Students" is very sensible.

"The College Herald" is editorially among the best as it is typographically among the neatest, of our X's. With the July No. there is a "supplement" containing an account of their 24th Commencement. "College Order" is an ably written article.

"The Dickinsonian" is opposed to a student addressing an audience in a language that is as unintelligible as the "jargon of a Chinese." It thinks that the "Latin Salutatory" is probably a relic of the mannerism and exclusiveness of the colleges of the last century." So say we.

Among our exchanges for July, the "Vassar Miscellany" is conspicuous. The Miscellany is particularly fortunate in its corps of writers. The lack of poetry, however, strikes us forcibly, and while in some cases we would render thanks for such omission, in this we mourn, as poetry on a par with its prose would be well worth reading.

Most of the College journals suspend publication during the vacation, and it is for this reason that we do not find "Our Table" as well filled as usual. August brings us the "College Journal," Georgetown, D.C., which is heartily welcome. "Night Fall in Summer" is above the average, and we regret that we have room for but one verse:

"Each orb that struggles from that deep blue ether
Hath waked to life some tiny friend below;
Each little minstrel mid the tangled heather
Chants to its starry love a nightly vow."

With the author of "Spelling" we do not entirely agree, as we think he is a little too tolerant in his views in regard to those "erring brothers" who, "have not mastered the intricacies of English orthography."

The "High School," of Omaha, Neb., for August, comes to us changed in form and under a new management. The "High School" was rapidly attaining an enviable position, and we trust that the new management will not mar its usefulness by inserting any more such articles as "Senator Bogg," as their influence is certainly not good. We find in the "announcement" the reasons for the change of managers, which we give to point a moral: "Five months editing and publishing a paper for the mere glory of the thing has amply demonstrated the fact that the enthusiasm for such a task is very apt to

die out." The result is that outsiders have now sole charge. The moral is, support your college paper with contributions, both literary and otherwise.

Lehigh.

If the students wish copies of the July and August JOURNALS, which it is possible they may not have received, they can obtain them by applying to the Manager.

According to the announcement made in the July JOURNAL, we publish this month the oration of Mr. Smith V. Wilson of "74," which was delivered on University Day.

"76" at its final meeting last year, changed the Class color from blue to white. They were more fortunate this year in the printing of their badges. "77" were the sufferers this time and gained nothing by their Philadelphia experiment. "78" have chosen green as their color.

In regard to the new Executive it will be remembered that we last month published an item from the "Manch Chunk Democrat" to the effect that it would be gratifying news to the friends of this institution when they learn that Mr. Coleman has been elected and accepted this distinguished position. The "Democrat" simply meant that it would gratify the friends of the institution if he did accept.

The Chemical Society did a good work during the past year, by its course of Scientific Lectures on the Unity of Plan in Creation—the Microscope—the Spectroscope, and the address by President Coppee, on The-Knight Errantry of Science. The course is increasing in interest each year, and is of great interest and assistance to the student. Nor was the Engineering Society wanting in efforts to benefit the students. The two lectures by Prof. A. F. Mayer, Ph. D., and one each by Prof. E. G. Youmans and Prof. E. J. Houston were productive of good, and it is to be hoped that a similar course will be laid before us next year.

The following are the rules recently issued and bearing date Sept. 1st, which we print thinking that they may be of interest:

Rules concerning Board and Room Rent in Packer, Christmas and Saucon Halls.

1. The amount of room rent, board, &c., must be paid in advance to the Treasurer of the Executive Committee.
2. The charge for board and room rent shall be \$5.00 per week; where two students occupy a room jointly the charge shall be \$4.50 per week for each.
3. The charge for board without room shall be \$4.00 per week. The charge for room rent without board shall be \$2.00 per week for each room. These prices include gas and heat.
4. Meal tickets will be furnished by the steward to students or friends visiting them, at 50 cents each, payable in advance to the steward.
5. The choice of rooms shall be in the order of classes. In any class the first applicant to have the first choice.
6. Students may retain their rooms from year to year by giving notice of their intention so to do at the close of the academic year.
7. Students are required to keep their rooms in order, or to employ some proper person to do so for them.
8. No furniture for rooms will be provided by the University.
9. The use of kerosene, coal oil, or burning fluid in any of the buildings is prohibited.
10. No deductions or allowances will be made for room rent on account of absence on the part of any student, nor for board unless such absence shall exceed seven consecutive days.

Clippings.

Instructor of Physics — "And what, sir, are the limits of the syphon?" Junior, confused—"Well, sir, it won't work if the longer arm is shorter than the other."

New discovery in Science—Make a hole in the head of drum; stick a candle in the hole. You then have a drum-and-light. There is no way in which a Drummond light can be made so easily.

The following translation of German is, to say the least, both unique and original. Junior—"Die Pantoffeln der Gräfin. The pants of the Count." Horrified Prof.—"No! no! look at the gender! look at the gender!" Junior—"Oh, yes, yes, the pants of the Countess." (Class howls.)

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